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C.G.H.

ALUMNAE LIFE



1946

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Editorial



THE 1946 yearbook has once again become "Expedition Emergency". Well why emergency you say?—Simply because as has happened on previous occasions—our Editor was unable to continue her duties due to unforeseen circumstances, just about the time when it should be going to press.

However, our contributors have all been absolutely perfect—not a soul refused to help and everybody dug in and down too. We had a good time and the eats were good and here it is.

This book could not have been assembled without the help of Connelly, Mitchell, Gray and O'Keefe and those who so willingly sent material. Mitchell, Gray and O'Keefe were my co-workers and they kept everything in line by repeatedly saying, "BUT YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT"—however, we printed it anyway and that absolves them.

Applicants for Editorship of next year's Yearbook will please queue up on the right there.

M. LISSON.



Dear Fellow Members:

We are living to-day in a world that is still suffering the pangs of the aftermath of War, Strikes, and discontent. A general feeling of instability reaches out at every hand in our first year of hard won Peace. This feeling has penetrated even the bounds of our organization, but strangely enough success has followed in the wake of upheaval as has happened in various other fields

I am referring in particular to our new Hospitalization Scheme. I feel that this is a strong new step forward in our Independence.

I am proud of the honor you bestowed upon me, making me your President. My fervent hope is that my successor shall have the same able support from a loyal executive.

My feelings on leaving the President's chair are perhaps more ably put into words by Francis Bradley:

"We begin by trying to alter the faults of those about us, we go on to make the best of them, and perhaps end by loving them."

So with fondest good wishes to you all, a Very Merry Christmas and Good Health and Good Luck in the New Year.

Yours most sincerely

Elspeth O. Hall
ELSPETH O. HALL



To The Graduates of The Calgary General Hospital

The close of another year is a landmark in the useful and successful career of the Alumnae Association of the Calgary General Hospital. We are grateful for the material assistance provided to those who have been ill, thus alleviating the distress of financial worries in addition to sickness. We are grateful too for the insight shown by the Alumnae members into all phases of hospital activity. Their intelligent interest is a credit to nurses and to women. Today, as never before, women can and must wield an influence for good in an unsettled world. Professional women are better adapted than others to understand the problems of humanity, and of these nurses have an unexcelled opportunity to truly know people and their problems, regardless of race or creed.

As we come to the end of one year, we stand at the beginning of another, with renewed opportunity for good works. May the members of the Alumnae accept the challenge of 1947 and face it resolutely, concerning themselves as always, with the welfare of individual members, and those of the hospital; and also matters of civic and Canadian interest, even those of international scope.

Sincere good wishes for your joy at Christmas and happiness for the New Year.

Sincerely yours,

A. HEBERT.



To the Alumnae of The Calgary General Hospital

As a newcomer to your Hospital, I wish to pay my respects to your Association. Your Alma Mater and your Association are no mean achievement in this Canada of ours. For nearly half a century, you have come and gone through the portals of this institution, until your ranks have been swelled to over one thousand strong. You have benefitted in your equipment for life and the hospital has gained much from your effort. The Hospital owes you much, and you still owe the Hospital much. You still have a contract with the community. It is as real as a life insurance policy or a marriage certificate.

Your influence toward your hospital's needs is a great force in the community. Let us cease gazing at the horizon with respect to support for our new hospital plant. We shall only get this plant by working and helping to pay for it, you and I and all our friends. We shall only make it a great hospital with traditions, under the same circumstances.

Charity must not count the cost when a neighbor's life is at stake. Our courage must fear not even "the wood and the dark mountains . . . where the light is darkness and the river has no bridge."

Nothing is closer to you, for example, than the availability of nurses. The nursing situation is an acute national problem, and we must take our responsibility in helping solve it. The high turnover in all departments of our hospital, which is working at ninety-nine percent capacity, means unremitting toil and work for management and staff under difficult, cramped conditions. Seventy-five percent capacity is looked upon as ideal for proper working conditions in any hospital. The ordinary layman does not realize how close we are at all times to the danger line, and the numbers we turn away whose suffering we might ease.

We must have apostles who can and will educate him. It is said that a tiger coming at you with his tail in the air is not more dangerous than an ignorant man with merely good intentions. Let us all do our part in the community and great will be the result thereof.

J. HEASLIP.

Medical Superintendent

"From Pan to Can" or "The Hard Way"



When we graduated, most of us felt we knew all the angles of hospital procedure and personnel, but a famous sage once said that you know nothing unless you have learned it the hard way. With him I agree.

For three years from Probationer to Graduate, we all coped with situations, the solutions of which seemed to us worthy of master minds. However, I have learned from experience that those things were trivial, for I have been a patient. Not a common maternity patient, but one of those "dying duck in a windstorm" people, with all hands on deck poring "Wonder Drugs" into the old hulk. Surprisingly enough I find that even of this I have pleasant memories; though I assure you that these months on one's back does leave it's marked effect—"canary legs" for instance.

Though the hospital bustles about you—you cannot arise to the occasion and become an active part of it; so lest I feel that I was not in the 'swim', I threw myself body and soul into the task of taking a Post Graduate course in **Medicine and Recuperation**. Yes, I have proof of results of over 200 (two hundred that is) shots of Penicillin, I will gladly display my hips (for Women only). The pin-cushion effect is unique.

I was amazed at the flippancy with which the students—even the juniors—rolled the names of the latest drugs from their tongues, at the same time eyeing me as a moron for not glibly joining in the tongue twister conversation. I held my own though as I staggered them with tales of my training days, and of the wonder cures wrought by application of a good old mustard plaster and a dose of Mag. Sulph. They were both amazed and impressed, and I felt that I too could hold my place in the march of Time.

There are some things that remain unchangeable and are best described in the words of the song title, "Doin' what comes Natcherly". Collectively as nurses, we all smilingly assured our patients they were recovering, if the temperature was down or the pulse improved; but I assure you that no patient feels the goal has been reached until those gilt edge words "Bathroom Privileges" have been inscribed on the chart. Yea, verily, come sulpha drugs, pencillin or what have you, in the marvels of the medical world—nothing bears the same effect on a patient as that order which is virtually a Declaration of Independence. From my own observation that was a day of days, and I felt, as another has so aptly expressed it "I could even go the bathroom alone". A simple thing you may say, and unexceptional. Yet, an event, a Red Letter Day in the lives of the imbedded, and a blessing not properly appreciated by one whose good health has never left them at the mercy of a Middleman".

Do you recall your graduation day? Well my graduation day from the patient class outshines even that. There were no flowers, no cheering friends, no celebration for the event, but there was a grand bit of plumbing, an exquisite roll of toilet tissue and a sign on the door in large bold letters saying **PRIVACY**.

Oh happy day. It has been a great experience, that P.G. Course from Pan to Can. It has not been a wasted part of my life, but here's hoping I never have to register for another term.

Annual Banquet 1946



The theme of the banquet this year was the Calgary Stampede and we tried to give a real Western "welcome home" to all our girls who had been serving in the forces.

Cowboy hats with attached papooses contained the menu and program and walls were decorated with Stampede motifs.

Miss M. Lisson '42, complete with spurs, fringed skirt and ten gallon hat, acted as mistress of Ceremonies.

Grace was said by Miss H. Whale '17 and dinner was really good.

Mrs. E. B. Hall '40, President, welcomed the 58 new graduates and announced that Miss M. Laval had recently been honoured by the Provincial Health Department which she has served for the past 25 years.

Mrs. L. S. Partridge '28, as the Spirit of Florence Nightingale, conducted the "Big Sister, Little Sister" Candle Lighting Ceremony. The challenging wish—"May your lamp burn as staunchly and your happiness glow as brightly as those who have gone before"—was left with the girls as the Spirit of Florence Nightingale retired from the candlelit room.

Miss E. McPhedran proposed a toast to the new graduates—to which Miss F. McNeill, president of the class, responded.

Miss A. Fallis, '33 brought greetings from out-of-town members. "We are indeed happy so many of you out-of-towners were able to attend, and were especially happy to see so many "returned" girls."

Miss S. Ritchie '38, gave a most interesting talk on "Life with the R.C.A.M.C. on the Battlefield". They carried out their nursing duties under severe handicaps and we know that, in spite of this, they did a wonderful job, and we are proud of them all.

Mrs. O'Keefe '24, brought greetings from the Hospital Board. She assured us that it is the council not the Hospital Board that is holding up the commencement of construction of the new hospital.

Miss Mollie Harback '35, proposed the toast to the Alumnae and made special mention of the fine work done by the visiting committee.

The greatest novelty of the evening was the entertainment by Eddie One Spot who brought back the past with traditional Indian songs. He sang "The Mother of Sickness",—the story of an Indian "Nurse"—performed a war dance to his own accompaniment, and sang "Let the rest of the World go By."

A brief skit was then presented, depicting the C.G.H. Stampede Emergency Station—entitled "You've Never Seen Anything Like It". Thanks to Sheila McKay '42 and Winnifred Gray '42 for this novelty.

Our entertainment came to an end with vocal solos by N/S D. Hughes.

We wish to congratulate Mrs. T. Valentine '28 and her committee on the wonderful success of the 1946 "Round Up". See you all next year.

A question to women who wear slacks: Does your end justify your jeans?

Caveman's Motto: I came, I saw, I conked her.

Life in General or Maybe nobody but your husband better read this



If you were about to undergo a cystoscopy and wanted to know what you were letting yourself in for, you would do well to consult two people: a: a doctor who has performed one and b: a patient who has recently recovered from one. The doctor probably thinks of it as an examination, whereas the patient undoubtedly feels that it was an operation. And therein lies the difference between the two viewpoints: the doctor thinks, the patient feels. As one in the feeling category I am in a position to give you a rough—very rough—description of a cystoscopy from the point of view of a male patient.

Actually, "cystoscopy" is a code word used by medical men, and it can be liberally interpreted to mean the unnatural introduction of almost everything smaller than the orderly into orifices and passages originally designed by nature for one-way traffic. Prior to this crime against nature, however, you will be subjected to an impolite overture known as anaesthetizing the area. This is taken mean the "freezing" of certain parts of the body, and to accomplish it four things are required: an orderly, a syringe, a gallon of some solution strangely resembling the stuff we use at home to water the plants. There's one more thing which I've forgotten for the moment—Oh, yes; a patient. The anaesthetic, the fluid, is supposed to remain in the body cavity for at least fifteen minutes prior to the actual cystoscopy but doctors are busy people nowadays, and well . . . Anyway, if this be freezing, then I for one, am immune to cold.

The immediate aim is not always too good—is to cause the patient to assume in the shortest possible time, not only the posture but also, insofar as outraged nature will permit,

(Censored.)

Naturally, the doctor does everything he can to make things easier for the patient. As proof of this he has things so arranged that while he himself is much too busy somewhere around your nether regions to be sociable, rather than have you feel neglected, a young and pretty nurse will arrive in the middle of the proceedings to take X-Ray shots of whatever it is the doctor is viewing from a more acute angle. This cozy arrangement, of course, makes you feel ever so popular. But one doesn't make passes, mind you. No, I can't quite explain it but there's something about a cystoscopy, some little, indefinable thing that is not conducive to thoughts of romance and love in bloom. Possibly it's that an aesthetic-antiseptic hospital odor. Possibly.

Anyway, the interior photography is soon over and that feeling of popularity and the nurse both leave at the same time. Now you find yourself with lots of time and perspiration on your hands and nothing to do but listen to your own gasps and wonder if ("Ouch") you will ever again be ("Ouch.") able to . . . but no; you resolutely put such thoughts from you. That way, you tell yourself, madness lies. Instead you seek solace in the thought that ("Ow!") Churchill survived a cyst-("Ow!")-scopy. Of that, at least, you are sure. No man who hasn't could ever speak so feelingly and familiarly of "Blood, sweat, and tears."

So, for a few short years you dwell with these thoughts while watching, in a detached sort of way, the hair growing out of the orderly's ears. Then the doctor, emerging from the nether depths like Venus rising out of the sea, an-

nounces that it is finished. You feel the same way. All that remains is to withdraw the hardware. The patient grabs the sides of the table, the orderly grabs the patient, the doctor takes a couple of half-hitches in something or other and braces both feet. There is a moment in which you feel you are giving your all. The doctor regains his balance and the orderly un-hugs you. Brother you've had it!

J. McRITCHIE

Editor's Note:

We have been informed by (name on request), that this procedure is now performed with the aid of spinal anaesthesia, so really there doesn't seem to be much to worry about does there, hmm?

☆ ☆ ☆

"Over the Balcony", or "A Wonderful Time was had by All."

Bingo in the balcony—bridge in the lower lounge—dancing—there were rhumbas or were they tangoes?—Viennese Waltzes—even jitter-bugs.

Our first social venture was held at Penleys on the evening of October 24th. Two hundred and thirty-four people were present. Sonny Fry and his orchestra supplied the music. The feature attraction of the evening being a Hat Parade—twelve chic models were designed by Agnes Mitchell and Eleanor Hall. They were tastefully modelled in a masculine manner by twelve very poised gentlemen to the lilting tune of the Easter Parade. Dr. Smith won a Jeep hat for his William Tell number. There were many of the later models loaded with kitchen gadgets, flowers, toasters, fruit, etc. (Note: If anyone knows where Blackwoods' toaster is will they kindly return it.)

First prize for bridge was won by Mrs. Hope, second prize by Miss Lamont and third prize by Miss Casey.

Mrs. O'Keefe and Mrs. Kirkpatrick truly fed everybody well. The chili con carne was something out of this world and meats, cheese and pickles with rolls, cake and coffee filled all the additional spaces.

Mrs. O'Keefe canned fifty quarts for us prior to the party. Mrs. Kendall convened the bridge and bingo. Irene Ritchie designed and made all 350 invitations with the help of her family. Mrs. McIntyre seemed to be Johnny on the spot, everytime we needed some help.

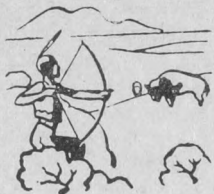
I would like to take this opportunity to thank all my committee for their co-operation and support and to all the girls who helped us assemble and serve the mountains of food and gallons of coffee. Thanks a million.

Expense account of the Dance.

Total receipts at the door	\$234.00
Total expenditures	\$221.25

A young businessman returned home from work, all tired out to find his two small children rushing madly about the house. He scolded them both and sent them to bed right after supper.

The next morning he found this note pinned to the door: "Be good to your children and they will be good to you." Yours truly, GOD.



THE BULLETIN BOARD



Miss Elaine Robertson, who has been Superintendent of Nurses at the Winnipeg General Hospital for the past 33 years, was presented with a silver tea service, April 30th upon her retirement. Under her outstanding surveillance 3000 nurses were trained. Miss Robertson was born in Scotland and graduated from C.G.H. in 1909.

Among the grads. who have migrated to the coast are Evelyn Crawford '45, working on her M.D., at U.B.C. Nora McFarlane '43 (ex-army) is P.G.'ing there; and Isobel Matheson '35 is now Supervisor of Maternity at the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria.

Miss Lucy Cooper '30, Baptist missionary in India, is home on Furlough. Lucy brought with her many beautiful souvenirs. Also home from India was Miss Ursula Burrows of '32.

Our Grads seem to get around—C. Yellowlees '44 is the Assistant Matron at Olds, Yvonne Head '46 is doing general duty at High River, Lillian Gautz '32 is Matron of the Indian Affairs Hospital, now named The Charles Camsell Hospital, at Edmonton, and Gertha Butler '43 has been appointed to the position of Assistant Matron at the Red Deer Mental Hospital.

Irene Ritchie '38, another ex-army gal, is putting other ex-army gals through their paces in Practical Nursing at the Wireless School.

We are happy to hear of Miss Ella Foerstel's '24 safe return to Manila, where she has resumed her work at St. Luke's Hospital.

Miss Marjorie Florendine '37 ex-army, is now back in the Public Health Department.

Maybe you've been meaning to write but just can't find the address, these will probably help:

Miss Maxine Compton '46—Gen. duty, Winnipeg Gen. Hosp., Winnipeg, Man.

Miss Eileen Brown '46—O.R. University of Alberta Hospital, Edmonton.

Mrs. E. Young (McDowell '45)—Staff of Winnipeg General Hospital.

Miss E. Jameson '45—taking P.G. in Obstetrics, Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, P.Q.

Miss P. Hairsine '40—Registered recently in B.C.

Miss O. McConnell '43—Duty at Shaughnessy Hospital, Vancouver, B.C.

Miss V. Polley '40—P.G. in Public Health, U.B.C.

Mrs. L. Pattee (Kerr '25)—Gen. duty St. Luke's Hospital, Pasadena, California.

Miss M. McRae '35—Registered recently in Montreal, P.Q.

Miss T. Yuill '43—Duty at Shriner's Hospital, Montreal, P.Q.

Mrs. W. Lochr (Van Volkenburg '43)—Registered—State of Washington, U.S.A.

Mrs. A. M. Ferguson (Millard '18)—Office duty, Dr. H. T. Lahmann, Socorro, New Mexico.

Miss Marion King '43—P.G. Johns Hopkin's Hospital, Maryland, U.S.A.

Mrs. J. K. Hamer (Carnell '32)—Registered Washington D.C.

511 Quackenbos Street, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Miss M. E. Robertson—Affiliate student class '41 is taking a P.G. course in Psychiatric Nursing, McGill University, Montreal, P.Q.

Miss M. Hutchison '41—Registered at the University of Alberta.

Miss E. Millar '42—Registered at Toronto University.

Miss C. Snowden '41 and I. Lister '43 are P.G.'ing in Philadelphia.

Mrs. T. O'Keefe is running for alderman in the civic elections. We are pulling for her and the Loughheed site.

Mrs. M. Banfille (Harper '20) of Victoria was visiting the hospital this fall. Your friends are sorry to have missed seeing you.

Sick Visiting Committee's Report

There has been quite a number of our girls sick this year. Up to the present there has been forty seven calls made.

I would like to say here that Mrs. Spiller of Victoria, B.C. has recovered from her serious operation and is improving every day.

Mrs. J. Shiell, who was taken to the Sanatorium at Cambridge Mass., had three successful operations and she is now home again, at Needles, B.C.

Mrs. E. Brummond and Mrs. Irene McMahon at the Central Alberta Sanatorium are both progressing satisfactorily at this time.

JEAN A. BOYD.

Appreciation

Fellow Graduates:

The members of the Hospital Board send greetings and best wishes, with a sincere hope that your personal interest and co-operation will be as valuable in 1947 as it has been in the past.

As a member of the Board, I can assure the Alumnae that they are respected and appreciated. "One of our most valuable sources of information and guidance" is how one member described the Alumnae.

Many times this last year I wished there were several of you at the meetings to help me. Business men just don't and can't have the same outlook on hospitals that doctors and nurses have, but definite progress was made this year with the addition to the Staff of a full time Medical Superintendent and closer co-operation between the Medical Staff and the Board.

The future promises a new hospital, the choice of site is the decision of the taxpayer and no matter what our personal opinion may be on that site, the important thing is a new hospital. The nursing staff is working under extreme difficulties and deserves full credit for its cheerfulness and efficiency.

My personal best wishes for the coming year and my thanks to those members who supported me in my recent campaign.

GERTRUDE E. O'KEEFE

(Barrett '24)

Report Of The Parcel Committee

The I.C.N. through the C.N.A., has requested groups of Canadian Nurses to "adopt" nurses hospitalized in Switzerland with tuberculosis, and also some destitute nurses in Holland. In June of this year, 1946, we received through the A.A.R.N., the name of Mica Uzelac, a Yugoslav nurse in Switzerland. At our June meeting we agreed to accept this responsibility and a committee was appointed consisting of Miss J. Von Gruenigan, Mrs. J. Payne, Mrs. L. Mitchell and Miss M. Lisson with myself, as chairman.

A parcel of food and a letter were immediately sent. The latter was in time, returned unopened with notations to the effect that Miss Uzelac had moved. I contacted the Red Cross who started to investigate but hardly had they started when I received a letter from another Yugoslav nurse in Switzerland saying Mica had received our parcel the same day she was moved to Switzerland.

"20-VIII-1946"

Davos

"Dear Madame, you have send a parcel for our camarade, Yugoslave nurse Mica Uzelac. She have received this parcel before 10 days, just one day before her departure to our country. She is not yet healed but she did not stay here in Switzerland, much more and she is gone back in an our Sanatorium. She does not know English and she pried me to write you that she thanks you very much for your attention. Dear Madame, if you will send her also the parcels, you can sent on this address: MICA UZELAC, SANATORIUM TOPOLSKA SLOVENIJA JUGOSLAVIJA, EUROPE. Or if you will help one other our nurse who will stay here, in Switzerland also 2 or 3 months, I will give you her name: PrPIC KATICA. The other address is same that you know already but only the name of the sanatorium was not right on your parcel sent to Mica, we are in Waldsanatorium.

With kindly regards,

Jugoslave nurse in Davos."

Early in August, Mrs. Mitchell assembled a parcel of cosmetics and comforts and sent them off. Incidentally, we learned later that the Switzerland Association was paying the duty on these cosmetic parcels, and has requested that no more be sent, as they cannot afford it.

The first week in September, a third parcel was despatched containing comforts and a bed-jacket and bed-socks donated by Alumnae members. At the same time an air-mail letter was sent to Miss Uzelac.

Miss Von Gruenigan assembled and mailed a food parcel the first week in October, which again contained some articles donated by alumnae members.

Mrs. J. Payne sent off Novembers' Food parcel, too the other day.

The following letter was finally received from Miss Uzelac just when we had despaired of ever hearing or of our parcels ever reaching her. It was written in French and though our translation is somewhat free, I think you will all find it most interesting.

Topokica, October 5th, 1946.

Dear Miss:

I have received your letter of September 2nd, 1946 on September 25th and I see that it has been travelling 23 days. This is very long. From you I have also received a large food parcel. That was before I left Switzerland. One of my comrades answered in my name Thank you very much, I regret that I do not

speak English, only a little French and Italian. I do not understand the Russian language because before the war it was forbidden. Some months ago I began my first lesson. You will understand, if I knew the English Language that I would write you a long letter, telling you how I live, and about my home. I am sure that news about my country will interest you.

At present, I am near the Austrian border. This village was partly destroyed in the war, but all events, is quite good. I am quite well at present, and soon I hope to leave the sanatorium and go home. I am sure that this news will please you.

You were enquiring if I have any family? I have my mother, two sisters and one brother. My father, five brothers and two sisters were killed in Germany during the Partisan war. I have not seen my brother who is seven years old, for 2 years. I have been in hospital and sanatorium for 2 years, and you can realize that I will be pleased to leave sanatorium once and for all.

My dear Miss, the only way for you to know how our country has been destroyed is for you to come and see it. And how pleased I will be to see you sometime at our home if you have the opportunity.

If you are interested in anything special, you can ask me and I will give you an honest reply.

It is very kind and very generous of you to ask me about clothing. Again I must thank you for the kindness of your heart. The number of my shoe is 38-39. I am 60" tall (free translation). For pyjamas and other things, you can easily tell.

When I return to my home I will write again. I will send my home address now.

Permit me, dear lady, to ask you a few things about yourself. How old are you? What is your profession? Have you a family, etc.

I will leave you now, and be assured of the sincere thanks of your

Mica.

Home address.

Mica Uzelac

Vajnovac

Oqulin

Hrvatska, Yugoslavia, Europe.

☆ ☆ ☆

A list found blowing along the street one of these windy Fall days:

5 minutes deep breathing.
10 hand to toes.
10 knee bends (halfway)
10 knee bends (full)
20 pushups
100 finger squeezes.
10 hands to toes, sitting down.
2 rye highballs, plenty of ice.

Sunday School Teacher: "Can any little girl or boy tell me who Job was?"

Wee-Boy (after moments pause) . . . "A doctor".

S.S.T: "A doctor? Oh dear no. Where did you hear that?"

Wee-boy: "Please miss, did ye never hear o' the patients of Job?"

Membership Convenor's Report

Again has come the time to wish you Season's Greetings and I also wish to thank you so much for your numerous letters this past year. They bring you out of town members so much closer and I feel I have gained much having served in this capacity.

We have 615 paid up alumnae members and of these 329 are from out of town. That clearly shows how very important they are to us.

Kindly send your annual fee of one dollar (\$1.00), due March 31st to our new membership convenor, Mrs. W. Brigden, (26.)

Sincerely,

HELEN CONNELLY, (Johnston '31)

Send Fees to

Mrs. M. Brigden,

728—12th Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.

Test Case

The year 1947 is going to see a new experiment in the Alumnae's method of raising money. For ten years we have had a successful carnival and have tucked away a tidy nest egg, in addition to paying our hospitalization dues.

Nothing outstanding was available in Carnivals for this year and everyone wanted a rest from selling tickets. As a result we sent a questionnaire to the Calgary and district members. The question asked was; "Would you be in favor of paying two dollars (\$2.00) a year to cover hospital benefits instead of having a carnival?"

The response was remarkable and as a result the October meeting unanimously adopted the proposed plan. When you send your 1947 dues of one dollar, please send another two dollars and your hospital benefits will be paid at the General. Unanimous support of the local members is necessary to make this scheme a success. It is a test for 1947, if it doesn't work, 1948 will surely see us working on a big money-making scheme.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Skating Party

As another new venture, we sponsored a Mocassin Dance and Skating Party on Friday evening, November 15th, at the Arena.

Most of the participants seemed to have forgotten their mocassins, however, and the entire night was devoted to skating.

Many prizes were donated and these were distributed in spot dance fashion.

Thanks to all who helped make our evening a success and if we are going to make this a yearly venture, a little more help will be needed from our Alumnae as a whole.

Expense	\$ 3.00
Receipts from door	68.75
Donation	5.00
Total	<u>\$70.75</u>



BIRTHS 1946

To Each His Own



Mrs. R. H. Thompson (Pain '38)	Daughter
Mrs. Lee Larson (Simpson '42)	Daughter
Mrs. W. C. Elton (Warriner '36)	Daughter
Mrs. T. Slater (Poyle '31)	Son
Mrs. Geo. Elmore (Toppin '38)	Daughter
Mrs. C. Ramer (Harper '40)	Son
Mrs. M. Chapin (Williamson '40)	Son
Mrs. Earl Findahl (Carlson '40)	Daughter
Mrs. Reg. Jackson (Doherty '31)	Son
Mrs. J. S. Wheatley (M. Hegan '31)	Daughter
Mrs. J. Davey (Racher '35)	Daughter
Mrs. L. McPhee (Tennant '35)	Son
Mrs. T. G. Bateman (Rowan '33)	Son
Mrs. Alec Gibson (Remackel '42)	Son
Mrs. F. T. Ward (Dunlop '34)	Son
Mrs. R. W. Lyons (Taylor '39)	Son
Mrs. Jack Hall (Cann. '41)	Son
Mrs. W. T. Teskey (Richardson '44)	Son
Mrs. D. A. Gerlitz (McCulloch '44)	Daughter
Mrs. H. M. Fry (McLeod '38)	Son
Mrs. E. Ahearn (Beech '43)	Son
Mrs. E. Burvill (Moore '40)	Daughter
Mrs. Doug. Anderson (Ridley '37)	Son
Mrs. D. F. Thompson (Tuff '41)	Daughter
Mrs. Wendell Peterson (Thompson '40)	Son
Mrs. D. Rainville (Wilkinson '39)	Son
Mrs. M. Hall (Blackwood '41)	Daughter
Mrs. R. Cowan (Burwash '32)	Son
Mrs. A. McDonald (Neame '40)	Son
Mrs. E. Holm (Hood '42)	Son
Mrs. A. E. Damant (Ford '41)	Son
Mrs. N. Fox (Clark '41)	Son
Mrs. F. Kehr (Cole '40)	Daughter
Mrs. Brickett (Colgan '43)	Son
Mrs. R. Ellis (Scarr '37)	Son

MARRIAGES

Mrs. Edward J. McCance (H. M.
Pierce '42)

Mrs. E. M. Tweedale (A. Toews) '44)

Mrs. Brickett (D. Colgan '43)

Mrs. M. Halliday (D. Hicks '42)

Mrs. Carl E. Halberg (M. O'Neil '42)

Mrs. Henry Thorne (K. Ross '34)

Mrs. Fred Grauer (L. Archibald '44)

Mrs. Homer Sanders Jr. (K. Fevchuk
'39)

Mrs. H. Loehr (W. Van Volkenburg,
'43)

Mrs. Chas. Newmarch (B. Farnsworth
'44)

Mrs. John R. Atkinson (Holmes '30)

Mrs. Leon Peterson (McDonald '44)

Mrs. Herbert Jeffery (M. McFarlane
'43)

Mrs. Howard Laughlin (E. Corbett '38)

Mrs. R. A. MacDonald (M. Burke '44)

Mrs. Wm. H. Rolston (H. Jardine '45)

Mrs. M. J. Colquhoun (J. McFarlane,
'46)

Mrs. Robt. E. Pow (J. Dawson '40)

Mrs. Donald A. Head (V. Redpath '44)

Mrs. Ken Webster (M. West '45)

Mrs. Harry Annis (M. Provost '44)

Mrs. R. Smeed (P. Mackey '44)

Mrs. J. Cotton (J. Doe '43)

Mrs. Duncan Elliott (E. Blair '39)

Mrs. H. Scott (K. Witts '46)

Mrs. Donald Birch (K. Bell '46)

Mrs. Gifford (B. Deeg '41)

Mrs. Henry Duggan (J. Giles '40)

Mrs. A. Kerfoot (D. Fraser '19)

Mrs. J. Cotton (J. Doe '43)

Mrs. T. Kuzyk (N. Newton '43)

Mrs. I. Jean Doolan (J. Farewell '41)

Mrs. C. Hirshe (D. Malchow '45)

Mrs. E. Wade (M. Douglas '34)

In Memoriam

MRS. JACK LOWAN, '31



Death has left on her only the beautiful.

1946 GRADUATES

ANDERSON, FLORENCE LOUISE, Box 312 High River.
 JOYCE, BATTRUM, C.G.H.
 BELL, JEAN, Olds Hospital, Olds, Alberta.
 BIRCH, MRS. DONALD, (Karleen Bell)
 BROWN, EILEEN, 2023—26A Street S.W., Calgary.
 BURKE, NANCY PATRICIA, Box 307, High River, Alberta.
 BUSHFIELD, F. E., Community Hospital, Wetaskiwin, Alberta.
 BUTTERWICK, Eckville Hospital, Eckville, Alberta.
 CANN, VIOLET, C.G.H.
 CARLSON, MARION LOUISE, Box 42, Pincher Creek, Alberta.
 CARLSON, RUTH FREDERICA, Box 1 Airdrie.
 CASADEN, THELMA, Hanna Hospital, Hanna, Alberta.
 CHAPMAN, JOYCE ELLA, Box 23 Maple Creek, Sask.
 CLARKE, ELSIE, Hanna Hospital, Hanna, Alberta.
 COMPTON, MAXINE BEATTY, 206 Grenfell Blvd. Tuxedo, Winnipeg. Man.
 COLQUHOUN, MRS. MALCOLM (J. McFarlane), Maple Creek, Sask.
 CROWLE, DORIS MARION, 328—5th Avenue N.E., Calgary.
 ELLIOTT, ANNE MACDONALD, Innisfail, Alberta.
 FORREST, RUTH, 1312—6th Street N.W., Calgary.
 FOWLER, FLORENCE WRIGHT, Innisfail, Alberta.
 FOWLER, LUCILLE, C.G.H.
 GOW, FERNE, C.G.H.
 GRIFFIN, ETHEL LOUISE, Champion, Alberta.
 HALL, VERA VICTORIA, Vulcan, Alberta.
 HEAD, YVONNE FRANCES, High River Hospital, High River, Alberta.
 HERBERT, MARGARET GERTRUDE, Delbourne, Alberta.
 HILLMAN, DORIS MAE, Evarts, Alberta.
 JAMES, GLADYS ELEANOR, 1541 Queen St. N. Battleford, Sask.
 JOHNSON, ALICE, Eckville Hospital, Eckville, Alberta.
 JULSON, VIRENA, C.G.H.
 KING, LAUREL, Cereal, Alberta.
 McALLISTER, MARGUERITE, Claresholm, Alberta.
 McINNES, MRS. D. G. (F. McNeill) 1231—13th Avenue West.
 MORRIS, DAPHNE, Elnora, Alberta.
 MORRIS, RUTH ELLEN, Forest Lawn, Alberta.
 NIXON, ROBERTA DOREEN, 216—9th Street N.E.
 NORRIS, FRED A EDITH, Easton, Alta.
 PEDESON, KAREN, Springbank, Gen. Delivery, Calgary.
 PEEL, MURIEL ERNESTINE, 333—8th Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta.
 PETERSON, BARBARA CAROLINE, Morrin, Alberta.
 POOL, EVELYN, Hanna Hospital, Hanna, Alberta.
 POYSER, MURIEL, Unity, Sask.
 QUARRY, STELLA MAUDE, Maple Creek, Sask.
 ROBINSON, ERNESTINE, C.G.H.
 ROSE, NORMA JEAN, 326—17th Avenue N.W., Calgary
 RUSSELL, FRANCIS HELEN, Box 269, Maple Creek, Sask.
 SANSOM, PATRICIA ELIZABETH, Claresholm, Alberta.
 SCOTT, MRS. H. (Witts, Kay), Stettler, Alta.
 SEFTON, IRENE, 1016—8th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.
 SEGAL, RUTH, 108—1st Avenue, Yorkton, Sask.
 SINTON, VIRGINIA, 1025—14th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.
 VANGHOJ, MARIE ELIZABETH, 919—20th Avenue N.W.
 WALLACE, AGNES RAMSAY, Gem, Alberta.
 YEARWOOD, HELEN, 1742—24th Street West, Calgary, Alberta.
 HANSEN, ELLEN, Sub. P.O. 25, Calgary, Alberta.

BRUMMOND—
Dec. 16, Mrs. Ethel Brummond, 70 years,
beloved daughter of Mr. E. Anderson, 2100 24th Ave. E.
Remains are resting at "The Little Chapel
on the Corner." Announcements later by
JACQUES Funeral Home.

Greetings from Dr. Baker's Rest Home on The Bow

Dear Fellow Members:

Life was going along quite placidly out here, when suddenly it was all shattered by a phone call. "I want you to write something for the year book", trying to tell the speaker that she must be crazy, didn't get me anywhere either, so, after three and a half years of not having to think for myself; I must crank my feeble brain into motion, and see if I can give you some small idea what life is like in the San.

One member suggested that I tell you all about the rest we get out here because that would sound like heaven to most of you. However life really consists of living and breathing and having your being among other women for twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week.

On the whole everyone is quite cheerful and anyone who isn't, is left strictly alone. There are girls of every creed and nationality, from every home environment and we must live together as one large family. This can't help but broaden our outlook on life (and in a sense narrow it too) because the only thing we have in common is our T.B.

As our Matron, Miss Connor says—"This life out here is real." When someone has a setback, there is genuine sympathy expressed. On the other hand when promotions are in order, everyone is happy for the lucky recipient. (I could sure use one.) Ex-patients often remark that they miss the congenial spirit. Please don't think we like it so well that we never want to leave (think we're crazy or something?). That is our goal . . . and we thank all the doctors, nurses and aides and maids for being so patient with us and Merry Xmas to you all.

Thanks to all the many Alumnae Members who have continued to visit us these several years and for your many gifts. Just saying thanks is hardly adequate but we say from the bottom of our hearts.

Maybe next year we can tell you all about Life out here.

IRENE McMAHON and ETHEL BRUMMOND.

Olsen (42)

Anderson (40)

JOKES

I'm a bit worried about my wife—she was talking in her sleep and saying: "No, Frank, no Frank."

"Well, what are you worrying about? She said "No," didn't she?"

Successive notices from a small daily paper:

March 22—"For sale, slightly used farm wench in good condition. Very handy. Phone 366, R, 2. A. Cartright.

March 29. "Correction. Due to an unfortunate error, Mr. Cartright's ad last week was not clear. He has an excellent winch for sale. We trust this will put an end to jokesters who have called Mr. Cartright and greatly bothered his housekeeper, Mrs. Hargreaves, who loves with him.

April 5: "NOTICE! My w-i-n-c-h is not for sale. I put a sledge-hammer to it. Don't bother calling 366 - R - 2. I had the phone taken out. I am NOT carrying on with Mrs. Hargreaves. She merely L-I-V-E-S here. A. Cartright.

"I think I'll go on a bender," said the fly as he started to crawl around a pretzel.

"Ten Days of Hard Labor," or
"There's Nothing Like A Rest In Hospital
To Cut Down On Your Life Expectancy."

by Ida Darnsight Sooner Stedholme.

I had heard it said that there was no place like a hospital in which to have a good rest. I had been led to believe that people were even sent to hospitals to rest. And I believed it. With varicose veins and sagging ligaments, I **lived** for that ten days of rest which I was earning the hard way by carrying around a little bundle from heaven for nine months. My tongue hung out and tears of joy came to my eyes every time I envisioned the blessed rest and the quiet white sanctuary which was to be my reward.

So what happens? So every day at 5.45 a.m., I am awakened by a basin of wash water, a mug of mouth wash, and a bed pan, so that I'll be all ready for breakfast, which arrives as soon as Junior has kicked and chewed his way through his early morning snack, and which I gulp down like mad, in spite of the thermometer in my mouth, because I have to get started on my bath so I will be through with it in time to give Junior his next feeding, which I do not dally over—even if Junior would allow it, which he doesn't—because he has to get back to the nursery in time to get his supplementary feeding in under the deadline before his next feeding, and I have to have my castor oil, or my soap suds a la, and be in fit shape to have my stitches removed in sufficient time before dinner so that I will not delay my tray, which would never do because the nurses have to get the trays back to the kitchen so the maid can wash them before she goes off duty, and also that the babies can be brought in for their feedings before we are straightened up and "settled" in readiness for visiting hours, which pass rapidly with the assistance of a line-up of friends and relations, whose departure is swiftly followed by mouth wash et al, which must be used quickly or the supper trays will be delayed and the maids will not get the dishes washed before the visitors arrive again, and worse still, the babies will not get their feedings over in time for us to have our backs rubbed before seven-thirty which creates a bottle-neck as far as the visitors are concerned, and really, the visitors can't be kept waiting too long because they have a right to visit for a **little** while before it is necessary for them to leave so that we can be "settled" and the babies can be fed before it is time for us to get to sleep, which we may do if the babies are quiet and the case room is empty, which they probably aren't, but what does it matter if I haven't slept a wink before Junior lopes in for his two o'clock feeding? I can sleep till 5:45 a.m.!

Gad, what a system!

Sure sounds like Helen doesn't it.

That Funny Little Room

A farmer sold out and moved his family to the city, and in writing "back home" they said:

"We got a big house that's got six rooms. One room we don't do nuthin' but cook in. It's got a big stove. One room we don't do nothin' but eat in. It's got a table and chairs. One room's got chairs and we don't do nuthin' but sit and talk in it. Two rooms we just sleep in. They got beds. Then there's the funniest little room. It's got a place to take a bath either standin' up or sittin' down. It's got a white bowl in the corner that we don't do nothin' but wash our hands in. Then in another corner is a bowl to wash our feet in. It took us three weeks to figure out what it was for. When we first come it had two lids on it but we took 'em off. One we used for a bread board. The other lid made a fine frame for grandpa's picture."

*This sounds like one that you
sent us from the States about
4 years ago.*

Financial Statement, Year Ending Dec. 31, 1945

RECEIPTS

Balance forward Dec. 31, 1944.	
Current Account	\$ 365.99
Savings Account	3922.57
Cash on hand	26.18
	<hr/>
	\$4314.74

FEES COLLECTED:

1938	\$ 2.00	
1939	4.00	
1940	7.00	
1941	7.00	
1942	10.00	
1943	18.00	
1944	54.00	
1945	474.00	
1946	40.00	
	<hr/>	616.00
Year Books	\$ 13.00	
Carnival Advertising	16.00	
War Savings cert. returned	10.00	
Banquet Tickets	295.00	
Programme Sale - Carnival	157.05	
Donations received re Carnival ..	40.00	
Receipts on Ticket Sales etc., Carnival		4581.00
Interest on Savings Account	16.16	
Misc. Donations Received	3.00	
Misc. Receipts - Exchange87	
	<hr/>	\$10,062.82
		<hr/>

Note: \$191.00 Carnival money still to be collected.

DISBURSEMENTS

Flowers	\$ 69.50
Printing Bulletins, etc.	26.75
Canadian Nurse	6.30
Auditor's Fee	15.00
Meeting Expense	50.75
Printing bylaws and Constitution	61.38

DONATIONS:

Overseas Nurses Fund....	100.00
Red Cross-Prisoner of War	100.00
Navy League	100.00
Xmas Cheer for British Children	100.15
Cigarette Fund, etc.	50.00
Sick Nurses Fund, etc.	4.00
Miscellaneous Gifts	35.55
	<hr/>
	489.70
Hospitalization	511.49
Banquet Expense	442.23
Stationery, Stamps, Advt. etc. ..	95.55
Hostess Hall	32.94
Carnival	3,423.71

Balance Forward Dec. 31, 1945	
Savings Acct.—	
Imperial Bank	2,055.18
Current Acct.—	
Imperial Bank	2634.74
Less: Outstanding	
Cheques	878.80
Cash on hand	25.95
Dom. of Canada Bond..	1,000.00
	4,837.07

\$10,062.82

Certified Correct on the Basis of Information Furnished.

(Signed) R. S. FLETCHER, Auditor.

THEN LAUGH

Build for yourself a strongbox,
Fashion each part with care:
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thought of your failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it—
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one else it's contents,
Never it's secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry,
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the strongbox securely—
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

BERTHA ADAMS BACKUS.